# HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I ENTER INTO NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVERY. I AM FOR JUSTICE, IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY, AND ACCORDING TO THE LAW OF THE LIVING GOD."

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## ANTI-SLAVERY.

### GERRIT SMITH'S SPEECH

*at the Meeting of N. Y. State Anti-Slavery Society.*

In support of the 3d resolution reported by the committee, Gerrit Smith, Esq. spoke, in substance, as follows:

Mr. President—Allow me to commence a few remarks by stating the history of this resolution. On returning home from Utica last night, my mind was so much excited with the horrid scenes of the day, and the frightful encroachments made on the right of free discussion, that I could not sleep, and at 3 o'clock I left my bed and drafted the resolution as just read, and also noted down a few heads of thought which I may refer to or not as I proceed.

It is known to all here that I am not a member of the Anti-Slavery Society—nor am I prepared to become a member. I rise under the courtesy of the vote by which I have been kindly invited to sit with you and take part in your deliberations. At the same time, I am admonished by passing events, that it will soon be necessary for every friend of human rights or of the slave, and every man who is not himself a slave, or willing to be one, to act in concert with those over whose heads the war is apparently to be carried on against the right of free discussion. And probably the day is not distant, when, with all my objections, I shall become a member of your society.

That I *have* had objections to the course of the anti-slavery society is well known. What those objections were, I need not state here. They are spread out before the public, and it would be unseasonable to bring them forward here.

This much, however, I will say now.—Your great principles are my great principles. I was born with them. I am not conscious that I ever in my life opposed, for an hour, the great and glorious doctrine of immediate emancipation. The odious doctrines that you hold, I hold also. All the sentiments that occasion you to be called amalgamators and insurrectionists, make the supporters of slavery call me an amalgamator and an insurrectionist. I love to look at the Anti-Slavery Society, and at myself, and to say,

*Una spes, unaque salus, ambobus erit.**

When I see your reputation, and property, and lives in peril, I love to bring my reputation, and property, and life into the same peril. Let me read the resolution:

*Resolved,* That the rights of free discussion, given to us by our God, and asserted and guarded by the laws of our country, is a right so vital to man's freedom, and dignity, and usefulness, that we can never be guilty of its surrender, without consenting to exchange that freedom for slavery, and that dignity and usefulness for debasement and worthlessness.

I love our free and happy government.—But not because it *confers* any new rights upon us. Our rights spring from a nobler source than human constitutions and government—from the favor of Almighty God. Constitutions and laws are modes of human device for asserting and defining and carrying out the great natural and inherent rights of man, which belong to him as a rational creature of God. We do not learn our rights in the Book of Constitutions. We learn them from the Book of Books, which is the great charter of human rights. Rights belong to human nature. Constitutions at the most, do but recognise and preserve what never was theirs to give. The reason why I love a republican form of government, is not that this form of government clothes us with rights withheld by other forms, but that it makes fewer encroachments on the rights which God gave us, fewer restrictions upon the divinely appointed scope of man's agency.

We are not indebted to the Constitution of the U. States or of this state, for the *right* of free discussion. We are thankful that they have hedged it about with so noble a defence. We are thankful, I say, that they have neither restrained or abridged it; but we owe them no thanks for our possession of rights which God gave us. And the proof that he gave them, is, in the fact that he requires us to exercise them.

Sir, if you strip the men who compose the church of Christ on earth of the right of free discussion, you strip them of their usefulness. In vain does God tell us not to suffer sin upon our brother, but in any wise rebuke our brother—if the right of free discussion is taken away. In vain has God said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," if we concede to any man, men, or body of men, the prerogative of restricting this right of free discussion. No, sir, this right of free discussion is inalienable, and therefore God justly requires me to speak of sin, of any sin, of every sin that comes in my way, to search it out, to assail it with light and love, with rebuke and argument, until it is removed.

When, then, this right of free discussion is invaded, this home-bred right, which is yours, and is mine, and belongs to every member of the human family, it is an invasion of something which was not obtained by human concession, something as old as our own being, a part of the original man, a component portion of our own identity, something which we cannot be deprived of without dismemberment, something which we can never deprive ourselves of without ceasing to be MEN.

This right, so sacred and so essential, is now sought to be trammeled, and is in fact virtually denied. What I have said was intended as introductory to my dissent from the language and manner in which this right is commonly defended. It is generally defended as something which our free government has given us, as what was earned by the toil and purchased by the blood of our fathers. Sir, this is an error. And men in denying this right, are not only guilty of violating the constitution, and destroying the blessings bought by the blood and toil of our fathers, but guilty of making open war with God himself. I want to see this right placed on this true, this infinitely high ground, as a DIVINE right. I want to see men defend it, and exercise it with that belief. I want to see man determined to maintain to their extremest boundaries, all the rights which God, his Governor, has given him for his enjoyment, his dignity and his usefulness.

I must say one word under the head I have marked in my notes of "Utica Mobs." Not that I design to dwell on the transactions of yesterday themselves. But a topic which they suggest is important enough to be noticed. This right of free discussion, sir, there is one class of men who ought to be particularly tenacious of. I mean, poor men. These constitute the most numerous class, in every country, and therefore, to the true philanthropist, they are of the greatest value. The worldling graduates his interest in men according to their wealth, or rank, or external show. But the eye of the Christian philanthropist regards all with equal interest, because all souls are equal. When the rich are divested of their rights, they have still their riches and honors to rest on for dignity and for defence. But when the poor man is divested of his right to speak, he is divested of all his rights.—Take from him that in which, almost alone, he stands on equal ground with his rich neighbor, the freedom of speech, and, sir, the man of poverty will soon find himself wholly at the mercy of the man of wealth. The poor men in Utica, whom we saw led on by men of wealth to a violent assault against free discussion, will yet see the *suicidal* character of their proceedings. The rights, which they have attacked in your persons, their own dearest rights, without which they cannot help being trampled into the dust by wealth and title, just as wealth and title have always of old trampled into the dust those who have not this right to speak.

We are even now threatened with legislative restrictions on this right. Let us tell our legislators, in advance, that we cannot bear it. The man who attempts to interpose such restrictions, does a grevious wrong to God and man, which we cannot bear. Submit to this and we are no longer what God made us to be—MEN. Laws to gag men's mouths, to seal up their lips, to freeze up the warm gushings of the heart, are laws which the free spirit cannot brook, they are laws contrary alike to the nature of man and the commands of God; laws destructive of human happiness and the divine constitution, and before God and man they are NULL AND VOID. They defeat the very purposes for which God made man, and throw him mindless, helpless, and worthless, at the feet of the oppressor.

And for what purpose are we called to throw down our pens and seal up our lips, and sacrifice our influence over our fellow-men, by the use of free discussion? If it was for an object of benevolence, that we were called to renounce that freedom of speech with which God made us, there would be some color of fitness in the demand. But such a sacrifice, the cause of truth and mercy never calls us to make.—That cause requires the exertion, not the suppression of our noblest powers. But here we are called upon to degrade and unman ourselves, and to withhold from our fellow men that influence which we ought to exercise for their good. And for what? I will tell you for what. That the oppressed may lie more passive at the feet of the oppressor: that one-sixth of our American people may never know their rights; that two and a half millions of our countrymen, crushed in the cruel folds of slavery, may remain in all their misery and despair, without pity and without hope.

For such a purpose, so wicked, so inexpressibly mean, the southern slave-holder calls on us to lie down like whipped and trembling spaniels at his feet. Our reply is this: Our republican spirits cannot submit to such conditions. God did not make us, Jesus did not redeem us for such vile and sinful uses.

I knew before that slavery would not survive free discussion. But the demands recently put forth by the south, for our surrender of the right of discussion, and the avowed reasons of that demand, involve a full concession of this fact, that free discussion is incompatible with slavery. The south, by her own showing, admits that slavery cannot live, unless the north is tongue-tied. Now you, and I, and all these abolitionists have two objections to this: One is, we desire and purpose to employ all our influence, lawfully, and kindly, and temperately, to deliver our southern brethren from bondage, and never to give rest to our lips or our pens till it is accomplished. The other objection is, that we are not willing to be slaves ourselves. The enormous and insolent demands put forth by the south, shows us that the question is now, not only whether the blacks shall continue to be slaves: but whether our necks shall come under the yoke. While we are trying to break it off from others, we are called to see to it that it is not fastened on our own necks also.

It is said, "The south will not molest our liberty, if we will not molest their slavery; they do not wish to restrict us if we will cease to speak of their peculiar institutions." I reply. The liberty we contend for, is bestowed by God, and we will have it as he gave it. Our liberty is not our *ex gratia* privilege, conceded to us by the south, and which we are to have, more or less, as they please to allow. No, sir. The liberty which the south proffers to us, to speak and write and print, if we do not touch that subject, is a liberty we do not ask, a liberty which we do not accept, but which we scornfully reject.

It is not to be disguised, sir, that war has broken out between the south and north, not easily to be terminated. Political and commercial men, for their own purposes, are industriously striving to restore peace. But the peace which they may accomplish will be superficial and hollow. True and permanent peace can only be restored by removing the cause of the war—that is, slavery. It can never be established on any other terms. The sword now drawn will not be sheathed, till victory, entire victory, is ours or theirs. Not until that deep and damning stain is washed out from our nation, or the chains of slavery are riveted afresh where they now are, and on our necks also. It is idle, criminal, to speak of peace on any other terms.

Does any man ask for proof of this? Not to speak of any other facts, who can read the simple, truthful, modest narative of AMOS DRESSER, and not see that it is impossible the northern churches should ever again shake hands with slavery. If the church members, and elders of churches, who sat in judgment on that young man could be compelled by the spirit of slavery to such lawless deeds, what hope can there be of peace while slavery continues? How can the south expect to retain the confidence of the north, when such outrages are publicly inflicted on our innocent sons; and not only inflicted, but countenanced and applauded, and the authors of them held in honor for the deed. The head and front of that young man's offence, was his being a member of the Anti-Slavery Society. And for this CRIME! this Christian young man was subjected, by professors, yes, titled professors of the religion of Jesus, to punishment, open, disgraceful, and severe. How can there be peace between us?

Whom shall we muster on our side, in this great battle between liberty and slavery? Not the many. The many never will muster in such a cause until they first see unequivocal signs of its triumph. We don't want the many, but the true-hearted, who are not skilled in the weapons of carnal warfare. We don't want the politicians, who to secure the votes of the south care not if slavery is perpetual. We don't want the merchant, who to secure the custom of the south is willing to applaud slavery, and leave his countrymen, and their children, and their children's children, to the tender mercies of slavery forever.

We want only one class of men for this warfare. Be that class ever so small, we want only those who will stand on the rock of Christian principle. We want men who can defend the right of free discussion on the ground that God gave it. We want men who will act with unyielding honesty and firmness. We have room for all such, but no room for the time-serving and selfish. We have room as well for the aged and decripid warrior as for the vigorous and the young. The hands that are now trembling with the weight of years, are the best hands in the world to grasp the shield of faith.—These grey-haired servants of God best know how to move the hand that moves the world. We want them, and such as them: men who are acquainted with God, and used to God's work. And these we shall have.—And his blessing we shall have, if we are humble, and we cannot fail.

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*One hope and one salvation shall be to us both.

### Free Discussion and the Supremacy of the Laws.

The following appropriate and excellent sentiments are from a charge recently given by Judge Jay to the grand Jury of West Chester county, New York. They are in exact unison with the principles which we endeavor to maintain:—*Landmark, Nov. 11.*

The guarantee of freedom of discussion, which the people of this state have given to every citizen, extends equally to religious and political topics, and it is impossible to conceive any subject which we may not constitutionally discuss. The right is sacred, and no individuals, whether magistrates or others, can interfere to prevent its exercise. Hence, Infidels and Christians and politicians of every name and character, have an equal and undoubted right to publish their sentiments, and to endeavor to make converts to them. Of the abuse of this right, Grand Juries are in the first instance the only judges, and Courts and Juries are the only persons to whom the people have delegated the power of punishing it. Even the Legislature cannot meddle with this right; and any law that might be passed to abridge, in the slightest degree, the freedom of speech or of the press, or to shield any one subject from discussion, would be utterly null and void; and it would be the duty of every good citizen, of every genuine republican, to resist, with energy and decision, so palpable violation of the Constitution, so audacious an outrage on the declared will of the people.

Unhappily, passing events admonish us, that if we intend to perpetuate our republican government, we must remember and enforce the first principles on which it is founded. A spirit of lawless violence is abroad in our land, which if not arrested, must prostrate in the dust that fair fabric of civil and religious liberty which was reared by our fathers. We have seen a meeting peaceably assembled in the metropolis of our own state for religious discussion, forcibly dispersed by a Roman mob; and churches and private dwellings have been attacked and the lives of individuals endangered, on account of discussions on the subject of slavery; and the instances are not rare, in various parts of our country, of persons being punished, and even put to death, for real or supposed crimes, not only without the forms, but in utter contempt and defiance of law. Hence it is that the Court feels it incumbent on them, to exhort you to exercise unusual vigilance at the present time, in presenting every case of illegal assumption of power, and every interference with the right of civil and religious discussion, that may come to your knowedge. No man in society is safe, when self-elected tribunals are permitted with impunity to usurp the prerogatives of instituted authorities, and liberty and republicanism are but empty names, if the protection of law is to be denied to the poor, the despised, or even the vicious; and if freedom of speech means only the the right of speaking what the lawless and violent may please to approve. If we would preserve our liberties, we must check the first approaches to tyranny, whether clothed in the robes of office, or masked under the form of popular feeling.

[From the Middlebury Free Press.]

### Palpable Inconsistency.

It is often amusing to see how men, whose reputation for common sense, and even piety, is unimpeachable, who cling to certain *principles* in one set of circumstances as tenaciously as if they supposed the happiness of society and even the existence of government depended upon them, will turn and trample these same principles under foot, when their application will interfere with a favorite notion or theory which they have adopted. The truth is, that the mass of mankind, whatever may be their professions, are in the habit, unconsciously to themselves perhaps, of making their *principles* bend to *circumstances*, when they can do it without sacrificing their reputation for honesty; and when they cannot, they will throw them away as unceremoniously as they would a worn-out coat!

We all know how much has been said and written during the past year against "*foreign interference*" with our peculiar institutions, merely because a foreigner has presumed to come among us, at the request of a large number of our most estimable and worthy citizens, and endeavored to persuade us, by arguments addressed to our understandings and consciences, that we ought to labor and pray for the abolition of slavery. We do not say here whether we regard the labors of this individual as wisely directed or not, although on that point we have our own opinion; we only allude to the subject now to illustrate the general remark with which we commenced this article. The manner in which this individual has been spoken of—the epithets which have been heaped upon him—and the persecution with which he has been visited—are familiar to every observer of passing events. And the reason which has been assigned for all this is, that the individual to whom we refer is a *foreigner*, and therefore has no business to interfere, even by argument and persuasion, to overthrow a system which is almost universally admitted to be a great moral and political evil. "No foreign interferance"—is the motto which is found in the mouths of those who denounce this individual as if he were a very monster, who deserved the gallows for his audacity and impertinence! One would suppose from their harsh denunciations of this man, that they regarded the interference, in any manner, by a foreigner, with the institutions and practices of a community, as a crime second only to murder and treason.

Now mark the consistency of these men. In the course of events, the inhabitants of Texas have got into difficulty with the government of Mexico—the government to which they owe allegiance, and with which we are at peace; and they are calling upon the citizens of the United States to step forward and aid them in resisting its authority. We say not whether the people of Taxas are right in their resistance—that is not now the question: our object is to look at the consistency of those who are so much opposed to "*foreign* interference." How then we ask, are the demands of the people of Texas answered? Are they rebuked for their impertinence in endeavoring to involve us in a war with Mexico? No. Public meetings are called in various places to get up an excitement on the subject and enlist sympathy. Money is raised and men are equipped to go and "interfere" with the plans of the Mexican government. And what is said of those who have volunteered their services to assist the people of Texas, by those presses which have made the welkin ring with the cry of "*foreign emissary*"—"*foreign agitator*," &c. &c. merely because a highly distinguished individual, who enjoys the respect and confidence of the wise and good in our father land, has come, at the invitation of many of our own citizens, to argue with us on the question of American Slavery? Do they denounce them as "incendiaries," and invoke upon their heads the vengeance of mobs? No. These gentlemen have all at once lost their hatred of "foreign interference," and instead of denunciation we hear the voice of warm panegyric! So much for the consistency of these croakers about "foreign interference."

Now suppose that, instead of sending soldiers and ammunition to Texas, and endeavoring to excite the people of that country to "cut the throats" of their oppressors, as many are now doing, an Association of American gentlemen had resolved to send an agent directly to Mexico, to try and persuade the government and people to allow the inhabitants of Texas to enjoy all their inalienable rights. Suppose further, that the people of Mexico, instead of listening candidly to his arguments, had denounced him in public meetings as a foreign incendiary and agitator, and that individuals and associations had offered rewards for his head. Should we not have protested against their conduct as unjust? Should we not have considered their treatment of the agent and their refusal to listen to his appeals as a confession on their part that their cause was founded in injustice and oppression, and that they feared the consequences of a calm appeal to the good sense of their own people? It cannot surely be supposed that those who applaud the conduct of the volunteers to Texas who go to mingle in the strife of a bloody war, would denounce a peaceable embassy to Mexico, such as we have supposed, as a measure which would justify such conduct. And who does not see, that, according to the principle upon which they profess to act, they would be bound to do so?

And now in the name of common sense, we ask, have not the people of any section of this country as good a right to "interfere," by argument and persuasion, to induce their fellow citizens to abandon any practice which they regard as evil, as they have to send men to Texas to "interfere" with the government of Mexico and spill the blood of her citizens?

One thought more. It has been regarded as a sufficient reason why a Scotchman should not presume to lecture us on the subject of slavery, that in Great Britain there are thousands of poor people who stand in need of sympathy and relief. Might not the people of Mexico, in view of our "interferance," indignantly send us the "scorching answer" which the eloquent Whittier puts into the mouth of the "turbaned Turk and fiery Russ,"—

> "Go, loose your fettered slaves at home—
> Then turn and ask the like of us!"

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We should be exceedingly glad, if our limits would admit, to publish the whole of Mr. Garrison's communication in the Liberator of the 7th inst., but we must content ourselves with a *short extract*, and sincerely hope that the whole may appear in a tract before long. We admire the spirit which, through the goodness and grace of God, Mr Garrison was enabled to feel and manifest on that trying occasion. "Superior to his foes he stood."

The sign being demolished, the cry for 'Garrison!' was renewed, more loudly than ever. It was now apparent, that the multitude would not disperse until I had left the building; and as egress out of the front door was impossible, the Mayor and his assistants, as well as some of my friends, earnestly besought me to effect my escape in the rear of the building. At this juncture, an abolition brother, whose mind had not been previously settled on the peace question, in his anguish and alarm for my safety, and in view of the helplessness of the civil authority, said—'I must henceforth repudiate the principle of non-resistance.—When the civil arm is powerless, my own rights are trodden in the dust, and the lives of my friends are put in imminent peril by ruffians, I will hereafter prepare to defend myself and them at all hazards.' Putting my hand upon his shoulder, I said, 'Hold, my dear brother! You know not what spirit you are of. This is the trial of our faith, and the test of our endurance. Of what value or utility are the principles of peace and forgiveness, if we may repudiate them in the hour of peril and suffering? Do you wish to become like one of those violent and blood-thirsty men who are seeking my life? Shall we give blow for blow, and array sword against sword? God forbid! I will perish sooner than raise my hand against any man, even in self-defence, and let none of my friends resort to violence for my protection. If my life be taken, the cause of emancipation will not suffer. God reigns—his throne is undisturbed by this storm—he will make the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder he will restrain—his omnipotence will at length be victorious.'

Preceded by my faithful and beloved friend Mr. J—— R—— C——, I dropped from a back window on to a shed, and narrowly escaped falling headlong to the ground.—We entered into a carpenter's shop, through which we attempted to get into Wilson's Lane, but found our retreat cut off by the mob. They raised a shout as soon as we came in sight, but the workmen promptly closed the door of the shop, kept them at bay for a time, and thus kindly afforded me an opportunity to find some other passage. I told Mr. C. it would be futile to attempt to escape, I would go out to the mob, and let them deal with me as they might elect; but he thought it was my duty to avoid them, as long as possible. We then went up stairs, and finding a vacancy in one corner of the room, I got into it, and he and a young lad piled up some boards in front of me to shield me from observation. In a few minutes, several ruffians broke into the chamber, who seized Mr. C. in a rough manner, and led him out to the view of the mob, saying, 'This is not Garrison, but Garrison's and Thompson's friend, and he says he knows where Garrison is but won't tell.' Then a shout of exultation was raised by the mob, and what became of him I do not know; though as I was immediately discovered, I presume he escaped without material injury. On seeing me, three or four of the rioters, uttering a yell, furiously dragged me to the window, with the intention of hurling me from that height to the ground; but one of them relented and said—'Don't let us kill him outright.' So they drew me back and coiled a rope about my body—probably to drag me through the streets.

I bowed to the multitude, and, requesting them to wait patiently until I could descend, went down upon a ladder that was raised for that purpose. I fortunately extricated myself from their hands, and was seized by two or three powerful men, to whose firmness, policy and muscular energy, I am probably indebted for my preservation. They led me along bareheaded, (for I had lost my hat,) through a mighty crowd, ever and anon shouting, 'He shan't be hurt! You shan't be hurt! Don't hurt him! He is an American!' &c. This seemed to excite sympathy among many in the crowd, and they reiterated the cry, 'He shan't be hurt!' I was thus conducted through Wilson's Lane into State-street, in the rear of the City Hall, over the ground that was stained with the blood of the first martyrs in the cause of LIBERTY and INDEPENDENCE, by the memorable massacre of 1770—and upon which was proudly unfurled, only a few years since, with joyous acclamations the beautiful banner presented to the gallant Poles by the young men of Boston! What a scandalous and revolting contrast! My offence was in pleading for LIBERTY—liberty for my enslaved countrymen, colored though they be—liberty of speech and of the press for ALL—And upon that 'consecrated spot' I was made an object of derision and scorn, and my body was denuded of a large portion of its covering, in the presence of thousands of my fellow citizens! O, base degeneracy from their parent-stock!

Orders were now given to carry me to the Mayor's office in the City Hall. As we approached the south door, the Mayor attempted to protect me by his presence; but as he was unassisted by any show of authority or force, he was quickly thrust aside—and now came a tremendous rush on the the part of the mob to prevent my entering the hall. For a moment the conflict was dubious—but my sturdy supporters carried me safely up to the Mayor's room.

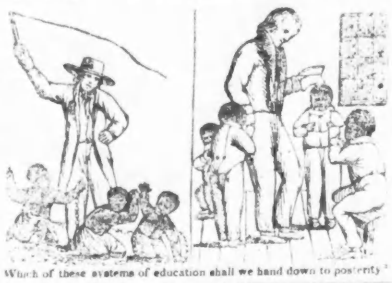
Whatever those news-papers which were instrumental in stirring up the mob may report, throughout the whole of this trying scene I felt perfectly calm, nay very happy. It seemed to me that it was indeed a blessed privilege thus to suffer in the cause of Christ. Death did not present one repulsive feature. The promises of God sustained my soul, so that it was not only divested of fear, but ready to sing aloud for joy.

[From the Liberator.]

Is James G. Birney, or Theodore D. Weld, or William Jay, or Arthur Tappan, or Rev. Dr. Beman, treated more tenderly than Geo. Thompson by the enemies of liberty? No. Their grand design, then, is not simply to drive an English philanthropist from our shores, but to mal-treat, gag and enslave AMERICAN, NATIVE-BORN CITIZENS! The struggle is between Right and Wrong—Liberty and Slavery—Christianity and Atheism—Northern Freemen and Southern Task-masters. The great question to be settled is not whether 2,500,000 slaves in our land shall be either immediately or gradually emancipated—or whether they shall be colonized abroad or retained in our midst—for that is now a subordinate point; but whether freedom is with us—THE PEOPLE OF THE U. STATES—a reality or a mockery; whether the liberty of speech and of the press, purchased with the toils and sufferings and *precious blood* of our fathers, is still to be enjoyed, unquestioned and complete—or whether padlocks are to be put upon our lips, gags into our mouths, and shackles upon that great palladium of human rights, the press; whether the descendants of the pilgrim fathers, the sons of those who fell upon Bunker Hill and upon the plains of Lexington and Concord, are to fashion their thoughts and opinions, and to speak or be dumb, and to walk freely or with a chain upon their spirit, and to stand upright or to crook the knee, and to obey Jehovah or worship Mammon, at the bidding of southern slave-drivers and oppressors; whether the Constitution is to hold the broad banner of its protection over the head of the humblest citizen, or whether it is a piece of worthless parchment, a mere counterfeit note of the Bank of Liberty; whether the truths of the Declaration of Independence are still to be acknowledged as 'self-evident' and valuable beyond all price, or whether they are to be regarded as ingenious fictions and mere "rhetorical flourishes;"—whether Equity, and Law and Public Order are to be enforced, irrespective of political or religious opinions—or whether Jacobinism, Anarchy and Confusion are to reign in our midst, to the prostration of all that makes life a blessing and society desirable; whether citizens, guiltless of crime, are to walk without molestation, and to repose without danger, and to assemble together without hindrance—or whether they are to be seized with impunity by lawless ruffians, dragged ignominiously through the streets, thrust into prison, and forced to fly from the endearments of home, for self-preservation; whether, in short, we have a country—a *free* country—in deed and in truth—or whether we are living under a despotism more intolerable than Greece or Poland ever felt, and as bloody and atheistical as was that of Robespierre. It is not whether an Englishman has a right to rebuke us for our sins to our face, or whether his character is good or bad, or whether he is supported by the females of Glasgow or the British government. No—no. It is a question of life and death to this nation—of christian freedom and abject bondage—that we have now to decide. I rejoice, and thank God, that it assumes such a shape, and is presented at such a crisis. The people—blinded and misled for a time—will in the end see and decide aright. Wo, then, to their deceivers! A tide of indignation shall sweep them from the high places of power, and sink them into the lowest depths of infamy, with Pharoah and his hosts.—New-England will settle this question—for herself, the nation, and the world. Ere long, I have faith to believe

"From her Green Mountains to the Sea
One voice shall thunder—'We are free!'"

The New Orleans Bee says, "It is currently rumored that a treaty has been passed and awaits the sanction of [illegible], for disposing of Texas to the United States."



Which of these systems of education shall we hand down to posterity?

# HERALD OF FREEDOM.

CONCORD: NOVEMBER 28, 1835.

**All men are created equal; are endowed, by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights: that among these are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness.**

DECLARATION OF 1776.

**All men are born equally free and independent: and have certain, natural, essential and inherent rights, among which are the enjoying and defending life and LIBERTY; acquiring, possessing and protecting property.**—[illegible]

The Editor of this paper, who has for several weeks been confined by severe illness, is now convalescent, and in a short time, it is hoped, will be able to attend to his editoral duties; when, it is fair to expect there will be less of barrenness in this part of the paper.

### The New Plan.

The following extract from a speech of Gen. Harrison was taken from a Kentucky paper, and will, says the Cincinnati Journal—coming as it does from a man now before the people as a candidate for the highest office of the country—be read with interest:—

"Should I be asked if there is no way by which the General Government can aid the cause of emancipation? I answer—that it has long been an object near my heart, to see the whole of its surplus revenue appropriated to that object.—With the sanction of the States holding the slaves, there appears to be no constitutional objection to its being thus applied; embracing not only the colonization of those that may be otherwise freed, but the purchase of the freedom of others. By a zealous prosecution of a plan formed upon that basis, we might look forward to a day, not very far distant, when a North American sun would not look down upon a slave."

It would seem then that the General's plan is to buy up the slaves, and, together with the free people of color, ship them all off to Africa, to the Oregon territory, or, "the Lord knows where," and so rid the country of the infamy of slavery! This project may indeed be wise, and expedient, and patriotic, and coming from one who is esteemed by a portion of his fellow citizens as suitable to fill the important office of President of the United States, may, perhaps, by some be so considered! But has the General duly considered the practicability of his scheme? *Can it be carried into effect?* If we are to believe the declaration of a Southern man, recently made to an assemblage of his fellow citizens in South Carolina, the colored population cannot be sent away;—because, he says, it would be utter ruin to the staple commodity of the State [cotton]—"white labor being totally incompetent to supply that of negroes;" and because, for the want of black laborers, the value of lands would be reduced to nothing. And because that all the plans of colonization "have proved miserable abortions—the pitiful result of the splendid schemes of fanaticism."

It would seem also, that the General has not duly estimated the expense of buying up the slave population. If it be as valuable as some of our slave-holders have estimated it to be, it would require a much larger sum than the amount of the surplus revenue to pay even the interest of the capital necessary to purchase this southern stock. According to the estimate of a South Carolina lawyer, it would require a court-house full of bank bills, *screw-packed*, to pay for the slaves in one congressional district!

We desire as earnestly as Gen. Harrison, that the day may come, and that speedily, "when a North American sun shall not look down upon a slave;" we cannot, however, acknowledge the justice, or equity, or expediency of buying the slaves, or paying their holders for relinquishing that to which they have no right. If there be a slave who is desirous of going to Africa, let him go—we are not of those who would object to it, or refuse to contribute our mite in aiding him to escape from the degradation and suffering of slavery. According to the estimate of slave-holders, the services of the slave are valuable, and in a warm climate indispensable. In such a climate then, the place of his nativity and congenial to his feelings, he has a right to remain, if he choose; to seek employment, to be compensated for his services, and acquire property as a free man.

The Editor of the St. Louis (Missouri) Observer, who has been charged with the mortal offence of *abolitionism*, has come out as frankly and as boldly against the abominations of *slavery*, as could be expected from one who is subject to the outrageous laws of a slave-holding state. As he understands the meaning of the term *abolitionist*, however, he says he is not one, and, in the absence of all proof, to charge him with being one, is a slanderous calumny. "But" he adds, "with equal frankness, I declare to you, my fellow citizens, that I am an *emancipationist*. I am, and while I exist, whether on earth or in heaven, I expect to be opposed to the system of slavery. I believe it to be one of the greatest moral and political evils that could possibly be inflicted on any people. Consequently, I ardently desire to see some system devised and put in execution, by which the removal of this evil may be effected, in such a way as shall best consult for the good of the whole *community*, including in this word both master and slave. I do not for a moment admit the idea that slavery is to be perpetual, or that the bible sanctions it."

Now, so long as our editorial friend holds to the doctrine and practices upon it, that slavery is one of the greatest moral and political evils, contrary to the scriptures of truth, and ought to be removed—and surely, if in opposition to the spirit of the bible, a sin, and ought to be immediately forsaken—we will not differ with him about the appellation by which he chooses to be known, whether *abolitionist* or *emancipationist*.—Let him aid us in either character—if indeed there be any difference—and we hail him as a fellow soldier in the war against the system of slavery in all its forms.

☞The letter of GERRIT SMITH, Esq., to the Recording Secretary of the Am. Anti-Slavery Society, requesting his name to be added to the list of members—and giving the most substantial reasons why every friend of human rights and of civil liberty should do likewise—will have place in our next.

The pro-slavery press at the North, religious and secular, republishes with avidity the sentiments of Southern clergymen on the subject of slavery, as if they were entitled to the full weight of impartial and fearless witnesses, when the truth is, even if their consciences are not really seared to the sin of slave-holding, they speak and write continually under restraint, and with the fear of the *gag* or the *Lynch* law before their eyes. Of this class would seem to be the Rev. R. W. Bialey, and of a corresponding character are his letters written from Cheraw S. C. and republished from time to time in the *Procrustean* repository or "Refuge" of the New-Hampshire Observer. The same may be said of the Rev. C. A. Farley—extracts from whose sermon, preached in the Unitarian Church at Richmond Virginia, have been republished from the Richmond Whig in some of the Boston papers.—Some of the positions of this learned divine are, to say the least, very amusing. He elucidates his position that the declaration of our National Charter, "all men are created equal," is "nothing but a political postulate," by the following illustration. "People are born into the world in every variety of condition. One is born a man, and has the rights of a man—another is born a woman, and has the rightof a woman. One is born a master, and has the rights of a master—another is born a servant, and has the rights of a servant." Query—What are these rights, and what are they worth? servant meaning, as says Mr. Farley, in Scripture language *a slave*—and slave being, in Southern theory and practice, a *thing*—a *chattel*—and not a man. Their rights are about equal to the liberty of the man whose case was once illustrated in the recitation room by an officer of College. He had to deal with rather an obtuse scholar, and the instruction which he began seriously and in good faith to communicate soon terminated in laughter and ridicule. The subject was *liberty*—and a definition of it was required. The student hesitated. The instructor put the case of a man imprisoned—could he be said to have liberty? "No Sir," very promptly replied the student. "O yes, my young friend," said the instructor, "he has the liberty of using his limbs and faculties, of going about his cell, &c.—he has liberty. Supposing he is bound hand and foot and chained to the floor of his cell," said the instructor—"could he then be said to have liberty?" "No Sir, I am sure he could'nt," said the student.—"O yes, my young friend," said the instructor, "he has liberty—he has *the liberty of lying there*." So it is with the rights of the poor slave. He has the liberty of lying at the mercy of his master, and this is the extent of his freedom.

This same Mr. Farley is by birth a New-Englander—as is also the Rev. R. W. Bailey—and does not fully understand the "secrets," of the Southern "prison house." He says, "The course of the Abolitionist is wrong—wrong every way. He does no good to the slaves. One object is to procure their liberty: *the slave-holders equally with himself wish them to have their liberty*." But what say the proceedings of a recent public meeting of the citizens of Barnwell District, South Carolina? "Slavery has become intimately connected with the interests and happiness of our people—it forms a part, and an exceedingly important part, of our social and political existence, and we say that *the system shall be continued—the relations of master and slave shall not be changed—we will resist and resist to the most bitter extremities, all attempts at abolition, whether present or future, general or partial, immediate or remote*. On this subject we have advisedly made up our minds. To use the language of one of the Resolutions reported, 'We proclaim our stern and fixed determination promptly to repel, at any and every hazard, any attempts to interfere with our domestic policy'—and we also proclaim our stern and fixed determination *that this domestic policy shall, so far as in us lies, be* PERPETUAL."

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

MR. KIMBALL:—I visited Newbury Vt. last week and preached a sermon there in behalf of the *oppressed*, from these words, "Thus saith the Lord, Execute judgment in the morning, and deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, lest my fury go out like fire, and burn that none can quench it, because of the evil of your doings."

We discovered at the beginning of our exercises that slave-holding *influence* was at work, and the true slaveholding spirit was among us. Quite a number of men and boys collected *in* and *about* the house, who, of course, were resolved to maintain the *Constitution* and the *Union* by the power of GROG, and *clamour* to *prevent* "the liberty of speech and of the press." They made a variety of noises, talking, walking in the house and *about* the entry, hallooing, ringing the bell, breaking in the pannel to the door of the meeting house, throwing in brick bats &c. One man after I had proceeded a while in my lecture, bawled out to me, "STOP," you may well suppose, with all the authority of a *slave-driver*; he did not happen to have his *cart whip* in his hand, tho' evidently some of the *ardent* in his *head*; he cried out lustily, however, for the meeting to stop, and declared that it could proceed no farther, it had gone as far as it could go, and *must* stop. The preacher happened to be one of those "*fanatics*" that did not choose to obey the mandate, and so, being blessed with a strong voice, the lecturer, pitching a note *higher*, that he might be heard, proceeded onward; the slave-holders *law* was now enforced, *stamping* the *feet* and various other noises followed; the preacher was still so *obstinate* and *fanatical* that, raising his voice still a note higher than before, on he went. What presumption thus to proceed in spite of "public opinion"!! The *mobocrats* finding the preacher's *voice* held out longer than their legs (which, possibly, might have felt weakened some by the *ardent* they had taken to prepare them for slavery's service) and lungs, after a while retired to the entry of the house, where, I understand, that faithful *ally* of of slave-holders, the *rum-bottle*, was at hand to replenish their *valour* for the Constitution and the Union. Now Mr. Editor, do you think the "fanatical" preacher actually kept right on in his lecture 'till he made the end, after about one hour? It was even so! and having finished, he passed out of the house, through the midst of these brave *defenders* of slavery, unharmed, tho' ungarded save by by that good Being who has said, "Execute judgment in the morning and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor" &c. Our meeting was held in broad day-light—the rioters are known; proba bly before this they are under the arm of the law, to answer for their *evil* deeds. The cause of abolition, the cause of the oppressed, was, I have no doubt, advanced that day. When will our opponents learn, that until they can bring more *unanswerable* arguments than *mobs* and *brute-force* against us, they do but help our cause; for every wise and reflecting man knows, that it must be a bad and hopeless cause that *needs* or *receives* such support.

GEO. STORRS.

Lebanon, Nov. 23, 1835.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

There is great difficulty in approaching some men on the subject of slavery. If we attempt to prove that slavery is wrong, they say at once "We know that, we are as much opposed to slavery as you are." But this is all we can get from them. Some indeed say plainly that they do not like black men. But it is not of these that I now wish to speak. It is of those who complain because they are called abettors of Slavery, but still will do nothing to remove it. Opposed as they pretend to be to slavery, some of them say, "we do not like your measures."—But you say you like our principles. If now our measures are not good, if they are not in accordance with our principles, which you say are correct, why do you not take some measures of your own, which may be, at the same time, right, and in accordance with those principles? You say that slave-holding is wrong, but we do not tell the slave-holder of it in the right way. Why then will not you? I have seen a minister of the Gospel, who held that our principles are correct, but our course bad. He is a Colonizationist. Thinking that that scheme might be *his* means by which he expected to remove slavery, I inquired if he expected any such result, he said he had *no hope* of it.—Here now was a man assenting to principles which require the immediate emancipation of the slave, and at the same time taking a course which he confesses could never effect that object. What does he think of "faith without works." Others again say they dislike slavery, but they know not what to do. And whose fault is it that they are ignorant? Have they not the means of knowing? Or at least, might they not have them if they would? Some who pretend to be opposed to slavery, will not even sign a petition to Congress for its abolition in the District of Columbia; while at the same time they acknowledge that Congress has the power to abolish slavery there, and that we have a right to petition.

Can such people now reasonably complain if they are said to support slavery, when they do nothing to overthrow the system, and will not inform themselves in regard to it? Should we not have a right to charge them with supporting vice, if they took a similar course respecting any moral sueject? Does not every one say that he who does not engage on the side of Temperance, is a supporter of Intemperance?—Now where is the difference? The question of slavery is a moral question, and there can be but two sides to it. You say indeed that your principles are fixed against slavery. But a christian, nay, a *man* ought always to act according to his principles. Now what act have you ever done in your whole life, that was dictated by this principle, that slavery is wrong? I might call on you, for the sake of consistency, either to make your practice conform to your principles, or to acknowledge principles agreeable to your conduct. But I have a higher consideration to urge upon your attention. If slavery is wrong, you are bound by the duties you owe your neighbor, and to God, to oppose it with all your might, and to take the most efficient measures in your power to remove so great an evil. If you say you will take no part in the discussion, you will be neutral; you may indeed keep clear of discussion, but you cannot be neutral. The question is fairly before the public, and *must* be discussed; and can be [illegible] only by proving that slavery is right. You will be counted on one side or the other. If you do not support Temperance, you are claimed and considered a supporter of Intemperance. In like manner, if you do nothing to promote the abolition of slavery, you will be ranked as a supporter of that horrible system. Your voice must be given on one side or the other, and your only choice is, on which side it shall be. If like Dr. [illegible] you think that slavery is right, let it have your influence to support it: if the system is wrong, do all you can to overthrow it.

CONSISTENCY.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

### George Thompson.

While the press is so prolific in its calumnies of this gentleman, I have felt solicitous to know the opinion of good men in England respecting him, and accordingly addressed a line to a clergyman of my acquaintance in Massachusetts, who is a member of the same Association of ministers to which Dr. Codman belongs, desiring him to communicate to me the Doctor's testimony concerning Mr. T.——— Dr. C. is well known to the christian public, has spent the past summer in England, and has associated very extensively with the great and good of that country.

The following is the reply which I received from the clergyman whom I addressed.

JOHN M. PUTNAM.

"DEAR BROTHER:—You request me to state the opinion of good men in England, as expressed by Dr. Codman of Dorchester, respecting the character of Mr. George Thompson. Agreeably to your wishes, I will say, that in an interview which I had with Dr. C. since his return to this country from England, I inquired of him particularly, for information on this point. In reply he stated, in substance, that he heard but one sentiment expressed in England respecting Mr. Thompson,—and that was, of respect for him, as a man of TALENTS, as a PHILANTHROPIST and a CHRISTIAN."

October, 29, 1835.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

### Boston.

MR. EDITOR.—Many persons seem to be wondering why so much and such a deadly hostility to free principles is manifested by the inhabitants of Boston. Two or three facts will sufficiently explain this matter.

1. There are in that city many opulent but unprincipled and mercenary men, who are directly interested in slave holding. Many of the aristocrisy of Boston hold, either in fee simple or by mortgage as security for money lent, large possessions at the South. We were recently informed, that this was, no doubt, one principal cause of the determined opposition there to Anti-Slavery movements. The slave holders of Boston do not care to have the horrid system of oppression in which they are concerned exposed.

2. A large portion of the inhabitants of Boston are merchants who are engaged in a lucrative trade with the South. Anti-Slavery action here, they imagine, will affect this trade, and prejudice their interest. "We must not irritate the Southrons," say they, "if we do, they will not send us cotton and corn, they will not freight our ships." Justice and mercy are nothing with them. It is nought to them, how many millions of their countrymen groan beneath the iron hand of oppression.

3. Boston is also a great seat of political influence, and the aspiring men there, wily politicians, are determined to carry the favor of the South by upholding their iniquitous oppressions. Hence most of the political papers are pro-slavery in their character and influence. They talk about the danger of the Union, when they know that Southern men have no notion of dissolving the Union. The day which should dissolve the Union would be the day when the bonds of slavery would begin to burst in good earnest, and they know it.

4. The churches in Boston, it would seem, are exceedingly corrupt. Slave-holders and rum-sellers are tolerated among them without scruple, and some of their professed ministers of the gospel are succumbing to this corrupting influence, and giving countenance to the lawless violence of the times, and even our good friend the editor of the Recorder has not, we have reason to think, in every instance preserved his integrity, and stood up fearlessly in the defence of truth and righteousness. We lament to find that paper, so long and so justly admired for the stern rectitude of its course, and the good influence it has sent forth in by-gone years, now fallen from its stedfastness, and in alliance with the spirit and policy of this world. But alas! alas! who can withstand the overpowering tide of corrupt influence which an editor in Boston must feel. It is not a matter of surprise that there are mobs in Boston when such a paper is found conniving at them.

When I saw, some weeks since, Garrison's article charging upon the Recorder and some other religious papers, most of the unrighteous violence and pro-slavery influence of the times, I thought and felt that it was harsh and severe and untrue, but upon more mature reflection, I am inclined to believe, that his assertions were correct. In my mind, it admits of a question, at least, whether the instances in which the right of free discussion has been violated, and a wanton misrule has predominated, would have been half so frequent, but for the cold, unfeeling and cruel manner in which the subject has been treated by some religious papers. And those editors who have yielded to the iniquitous spirit of the times and thrown obstacles in the way of the onward abolition enterprize will yet, I apprehend, have occasion to lament the course which they have pursued.

Lastly. There are good reasons to apprehend, that there are Southern emissaries lodged in Boston to stir up riots and oppose abolition. A gentleman of veracity informed me, that in coming from Boston in the stage, there were two Southern gentlemen from whose conversation he gathered indubitably, that there were more or less emissaries in all our large towns, particularly in Boston, sent from the South for the purpose of exciting riots and putting down the abolition cause, and who, if dealt with as some supposed incendiaries have been dealt with at the South, would be lynched, every *one* of them. Suppose the tables were turned, and the influence of the aristocrasy and the mob were against slavery as they are now for it in Boston, and these seditious, insurrectionary spirits who have actually come here for unlawful purposes, were subjected to the same cruel ruffian treatment which poor Dresser suffered—would the South submit to it? Sir, is it any wonder, these things being so, there is in Boston determined, deadly, mad opposition to free discussion and free principles? D.

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The following extract from a letter written by Rev. Ebenezer Chase to the printer of this paper was not intended for publication; but we take it for granted that the writer will feel willing to have the public know his opinions on the subject of slavery, when we assure him it will do good.

West Tisbury, Mass.,
Martha's Vineyard, Nov. 17, 1835.

* * * I rejoice, my son, to see you fearlessly pleading the cause of the *slave*, notwithstanding the opposition raised against it.—I am surprized to see some, whom we esteem as good men, opposed to abolition principles; but I impute it rather to an error of the *head* than of the *heart*. * * * *

How long this nation will be permitted thus to oppress our colored brethren, I am unable to predict; but of this one thing I have not a doubt, that the same merciful God who heard the cry of the Israelites in Egypt, now hears the cry of the American slaves and will ere long come down to deliver them. My earnest prayer is that this nation may be convinced of this enormous sin, lest, like Pharoah and his host, we perish. That the just judgments of God will be visited upon this people for the sin of slavery I have not a doubt, unless we speedily repent, and use the necessary means to let the oppressed go free, and break this accursed yoke of slavery. O, let us pray earnestly and fervently that the judgments which hang over our heads, may be averted; and that our sin prove not our ruin.

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The following Extract is from the speech of Daniel O'Connell, delivered at Glasgow (Scotland) on receiving "The Emancipation Society's Address" to him. Let every American read it, and blush for his country. How long shall we merit such severe rebukes? We have long gloried in our country, but we are in a fair way to become a by-word and a hissing to all nations. While Monarchical governments are blotting out that foul stain upon a nation's escutcheon, *slavery*, our Republican feelings will not even allow the subject to be discussed, peaceably. But hear O'Connell. After having spoken against the apprenticeship system, and stating, that "Mr. Buxton had pledged himself to bring in a Bill next session of Parliament, for the immediate abolition of negro-apprenticeship in the British Colonies"—and after having expressed his hope, "That they would still advance till they secured the full fruits of their victory in unqualified emancipation"—He proceeds—

"And when this shall have been accomplished, let them come with another broadside on the United States of America. (Laughter.) He had, himself, given the Americans two or three good hard thumps; for which they had paid him wages in abuse and scurrility. He was satisfied that they had done so. He was accustomed to receive such wages in return for his labors. He had never done good but he was vilified for his pains; and he felt that he could not sleep soundly were such opponents to cease abusing him. (Cheers.) He would continue to earn such wages. (Cheers.) By the blessing of God he would yet trample on the serpent of slave owning cupidity, and triumph over the hiss of the foul reptile, which marked its agony and excited his contempt. The Americans, in their conduct toward the slaves, were traitors to the cause of human liberty, foul detractors of the democratic principle, which he had cherished throughout his political life, and blasphemers of that great and sacred name which they pretended to recognize. For, in their solemn league and covenant, the declaration of American Independence, they declared that all men (he used their own words,) have certain 'inalienable rights'—these they defined to be, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. To maintain these, they pledged themselves with all the solemnity of an oath, in the presence of Almighty God. That aid which they had invoked from heaven, had been awarded to them, but they had violated their awfully solemn compact with the Deity, and set at nought every principle which they profess to hold sacred, by keeping two and a half millions of their fellow men in bondage. In reprobation of that disgraceful conduct, his humble voice had been heard across the wide waves of the Atlantic. Like the thunder-storm in its strength, it had careered against the breeze, armed with the lightning of christian truth. (Great cheering.) And, let them seek to oppress it as they may—let them murder and assassinate in the true spirit of Lynch's law; the storm would wax louder and louder around them, till the claims of justice became too strong to be withstood, and the black man would stand up, too big for his chains. It seemed, indeed—he hoped what he was about to say was not profanation—as if the curse of the Almighty had already overtaken them. For the first time in their political history, disgraceful tumult and anarchy had been witnessed in their cities.—Blood had been shed without the sanction of law, and even Sir Robert Peel had been enabled—but he was here in danger of becoming political. (Cries of no, no—go on, and cheers.) Well, then, even Sir. R. Peel had been enabled to taunt the Americans with gross inconsistency, and lawless proceedings. He differed from Sir Robert Peel on many points. (Laughter.) Every body knew that. (Renewed laughter.) It was no doubt presumption in him to differ from so great a man; but yet such was the fact. (Laughter.) On one point, however, he fully agreed with him. Let the proud Americans learn that all parties in this country unite in condemnation of their present conduct; and let them also learn that the worst of all Aristocracies is that which prevails in America—an aristocracy which had been aptly denominated that of the human skin. The most insufferable pride was that shown by such an Aristocracy. And yet he must confess that he could not understand such pride. He could understand the pride of noble descent. He could understand why a man should plume himself on the success of his ancestors, in plundering the people some centuries ago. He could understand the pride arising from immense landed possessions. He could even understand the pride of wealth, the fruit of honest and careful industry. But when he thought of the color of the skin making men aristocratic, he felt his astonishment to vie with his contempt. Many a white skin covered a black heart; yet an aristocrat of the skin was the proudest of the proud. Republicans were proverbially proud, and therefore he delighted to taunt the Americans with the superlative meanness, as well as injustice, of their assumed airs of superiority over their black fellow-citizens. (Cheers.) He would continue to hurl his taunts across the Atlantic. These would ascend the Mississippi, they would descend the Missouri, and be heard along the banks of the Ohio and the Monongahela, till the black man would leap delighted to express to those who had effected his emancipation. (Cheers.) And, Oh,—but perhaps it was his pride that dictated the hope—that some black O'Connell might rise among his fellow slaves—(tremendous cheers) who would cry, agitate, agitate, agitate (renewed cheering) till the two millions and a half of his fellow sufferers learned the secret of their strength—learned that they were two millions and a half. (Ethusiastic Cheers.) If there was one thing which more than another could excite his hatred, it was the laws which the Americans had framed to prevent the instruction of their slaves. To teach a slave to read, was made a capital offence. (Shame.)—To be seen in company with a negro who could write, was visited with imprisonment, (shame) and to teach a slave the principles of freedom was punished with death. Were these human laws, it might be asked? Were they not laws made by wolves of the forest? No, they were made by a congregation of two-legged wolves—monsters in human shape, who boast of their liberty and of their humanity, while they carry the hearts of tigers within them. (Cheers.)—With regard to the attacks which had been made upon his countrymen by such men, he rejoiced at them. (Cheers.) These proved to him that the sufferings to which they had been subjected in the land of their birth, had not been lost upon them; but that their kindly affections had been nurtured into strength, and that they had ranged themselves on the side of the oppressed slave. (Cheers.) He was not afraid of his countrymen being crushed; there were a good many of them, and a man who should try to take off the head of one of them, would find that he had something to do before it would leave Paddy's shoulders. (Laughter.)

He had once heard a story of a man who called himself a 'lord of the creation.' Proud of the title, and indulging high notions of the consequence he imagined it to confer, he determined, as an exercise of his authority, to shear a wolf. I am a 'lord of the creation,' said he, 'and therefore I have a right to shear a wolf.—(Laughter.) His lordship accordingly went out to the forest with that intent. (Renewed laughter.) And how did he return? Why, of course, a skeleton. Nothing more was left of this 'lord of the creation,' than what the wolf took not the pains to devour. (Great laughter.) Now, he did not think that the Irish would altogether devour those who might attack them; but the Americans might rest assured, that they would not submit to be shorn. Well, if ever a moment of leisure were granted him—and this was what he had scarcely ever enjoyed yet—idleness would in fact literally kill him—but if ever he found so much leisure at his command, as to be able to write to his countrymen in America, he would conjure them to laugh the republican slave owners to scorn. He would tell them, whenever they met an atrabilious American, to call out to him, Negro. (Laughter.) What was sauce for the goose, was sauce for the gander. If the black of the African is sufficient to mark him for a slave, his yellow has no right to claim an exception. But, in sober sadness, he would manifest his gratitude for the compliment which had been paid him, by giving the society a wholesome advice. It was, first to put an end to the slavery of the apprentices in the West India colonies, and then to turn to the slavery of the United States. Did they need a stimulant? Let them consider the state of the Negro, condemned to perpetual ignorance—an ignorance, infinitely worse than slavery—an ignorance of the light of Christian truth.—(Cheers.) Look at the negro father returning to his family from his unrequited toil. He views his children as they cling around him, and shudders at the thought that they must inherit his misery. The mother looks upon the child that she has borne, and knows that she is but rearing the slave of another. Instead of a blessing she feels that in each child she has been visited with a curse. He conjured every one whom he now addressed, not to consider his political sentiments, or allow them to interfere with the sacred duty of joining in aid of the oppressed. Let no one, said Mr. O'Connell, go from this meeting, till he has determined to join the Emancipation Society. (Loud cheering.) Let all who love freedom, all who love religion, all who attach importance to the welfare of the human soul, unite in their exertions to give the negro liberty, to give him instruction, to give him an opportunity of receiving the great and universally acknowledged truths of the Gospel, and Slavery will soon be at end forever." On resuming his seat, Mr. O'Connell was greeted with the most rapturous applause, which was renewed and re-renewed for several minutes.

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*Ought the slave to cut his master's throat?* Oh, no, no, what a horrid question! I mean, has the *slave a right to assert his freedom and defend it by force?* why—I should think not. I don't know though; admitting that the slave is a man just as much as you or I, which I believe to be susceptible of proof, I don't know why he hasn't about as much right to declare himself free and independent as our fathers had. To be sure our fathers had some provocation, and they did right not to pay a three-penny tea tax, and to fight, and to cut throats for seven years. *But ought the slave to cut his master's throat?* By no means. If it were in Spain, or France, or Poland, or Greece, it would be no more than right, for men to rise and defend their rights and refuse to be trampled on, but in America the case is different. This is a free country, and therefore we have an unquestionable right to own two millions of slaves.

*Times.*

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[From the New York Evangelist.]

### The Utica Convention.

Alvan Stewart, Chairman of the Committee of the Utica Anti-Slavery Society, which had first proposed the meeting, rose and remarked, that the Convention had assembled for a noble purpose. They had displayed a moral courage honorable to themselves, and devoted to the glory of God, and the happiness or the people of this land. He hoped every step taken would be marked with dignity, wisdom and firmness, such as should characterize men willing to do right and risk the consequences. Had this Convention not dared to meet, this day would have been the last day of liberty to this land.

Mr. Stewart then read a draft which had been prepared by the Committee, of a Constitution of the New York State Anti-Slavery Society. While he was reading, a noisy crowd assembled around the doors of the house and attempted to gain admission. One of the Aldermen of the city, in attempting to keep them back, had his coat torn into strips. As soon as the reading was finished, a motion was made that the conetitution be adopted. The question was put and carried unanimously; and the *State Anti-Slavery Society* was formed.

Mr. Stewart then stated, that a declaration of sentiments had been prepared, which he wished might be read. It was voted to hear it. The declaration was introduced by Rev. A. Savage, of Utica, and put into the hands of Lewis Tappan to read. After he had read about half of the article, a large concourse of persons crowded into the house, the leaders obtaining an entrance by announcing themselves as a 'committee of twenty-five,' from the citizens assembled at the Court House. The aisles and vacant seats were instantly filled with the 'committee of twenty-five,' and their followers. Some of the committee began vociferously to command that the reading should stop. 'We are a committee of the citizens, stop that reading.' 'We must be heard, we will be heard, stop that reading,' and so on.—The reader, however, proceeded in his duty, with increased earnestness and force, until he had finished the Declaration, when it was put to vote, and adopted unanimously by rising.

The 'committee of twenty-five' was then invited to a hearing, when their chairman, Hon. Chester Hayden, First Judge of the County, presented the resolutions which had just been adopted at the Court House, and claimed that they should be read. A member read them. When he had done reading, the noise and violence broke forth anew.—Judge Hayden declared his regret that there should be any disturbance or disorderly behavior. 'We have been respectfully heard by the Convention, and I hope *my friends* will permit the answer of the Convention to be made in peace. We do not desire to see any confusion.

A momentary calm ensued, during which Mr. Lewis Tappan moved that a committee of ten be appointed to report what answer should be made to the citizens.

Hon. Samuel Beardsley, member of Congress, one of the 'committee of twenty-five,' said, It is proper we should hear what the Convention have to say, either now or by a Committee. We are bound to hear them, we are bound to exercise all patience and long-suffering, even towards such an assembly as this. But I also feel bound to say, that for such a Convention to assemble here at such a time, is, I am bound to call it, a very extraordinary transaction. While the whole country is boiling with indignation against their evil proceedings, and when at least ninety-nine in a hundred of our citizens, all over the land, are opposed to them, and after the express, and repeated, and respectful remonstrances of the people of Utica against their making our city the theatre of their operations, for them to persist in forcing themselves upon us, is an outrage that is very hard to bear. Yet we are orderly and peaceable citizens. Let us not be moved into passion by the injury. At such a time as this, for them to push on in their inflammatory designs, tends directly and unqualifiedly to the disruption of our loved and glorious Union. But let us not be thrown off our guard by it. Let us do nothing unworthy of our character as orderly and peaceable citizens of Utica. If they have any apology to make for their conduct, let us hear it. For my part, I should like to hear what apology can be made for proceedings, which we know, and they know, are intended to be used by designing politicians to exasperate the members of this Union at each other. They profess to come here on an errand of religion, while under the guise of religion they are hypocritically plotting the dissolution of the Union. They have been warned before hand, and borne with unexampled patience, and if they now refuse, and any unpleasant circumstances should follow, we will not be responsible. Let them yield to the wishes of the good and peaceable citizens of Utica and dissolve their Convention. If they refuse, then the fault will be theirs. They claim a right, as free citizens, to pursue their inflammatory discussion however pernicious they may be. And I suppose we must bear it. In this land of freedom, we must submit. Let us hear their justification for this outrage upon our feeling, if they have any. We can hear it and we will hear it. ['No we won't hear it,' now burst out from the crowd, 'we won't hear them, let them go home, let them ask our forgiveness and we will let them go.']

Other members of the committee loudly and authoritatively demanded that the convention should dissolve. They would not allow any further proceedings. Those who followed them into the house were still more violent. They were evidently inflamed both with passion and strong drink, to the pitch of madness. They seemed to be under the control of their leaders, and to go no further than they were permitted. One of the crowd said, 'Let *them* say the word, and I am ready to tear the rascals in pieces.' Loud threats of violence and tearing the house down were reiterated, with yells that must be heard to be known. The contrast between the 'incendiary' members of the convention, sitting calmly on their seats, and the 'orderly and peacable' throng that filled the aisles, belching forth blasphemies, and foaming like the troubled sea, or like a guilty conscience was very impressive.

Alvan Stewart, Esq., a highly respectable lawyer, long a citizen of Utica, attempted to speak, but they cried out, "We won't hear him, he shan't speak, he's crazy, he's a fanatic." Our honorable chairman, who has seen more than his three score years attempted to make some remarks, when he was told by one of the committee 'Hold your tongue, old man.' It is impossible to report the mingled cries, and imprecations, threats and blasphemies, that ensued. At length it became evident that it would be impossible to transact any further business there, and that the crowd had been sharpened for violence, and would soon be let loose from their leash by those who held them in. And inasmuch as the main object of the convention had been attained, by our assembling peacably in Utica and forming a State Society, and the rest of the business could be done in some other place, it was thought best to dissolve the convention; and accordingly, on motion, it was adjourned, *sine die*.

The leading members of the 'committee of twenty-five' proclaimed the result to their followers in the aisles, and begged that the convention might quietly depart. Most of the members retired unmolested, except by the blasphemies they heard. A few were violently hustled out, and one or two clergymen slightly injured. As they were retiring, a cry was raised by some of the committee for the 'papers,' whereupon a number gathered round the venerable secretary and demanded that he should give up the papers. He resolutely refused, and was crowded back to the wall, seized by the collar shook and threatened with blows, but still held on to his papers.

A member of the committee of twenty-five, a young man, holding an important public office, said to him, 'God damn you, give them up, or I will knock you on the head,' or words similar, at the same time raising his cane over the head of this aged and venerable minister of the gospel. At length another of the committee, his own son, came up and begged him, 'Do, father, give them up, and save your life; give them to me, and I will pledge myself they shall be returned to you again.' He then complied, and was led out of the house unhurt, while the prize was raised aloft, and carried away with great exultation. It consisted of a small slip of paper, with a few lines of memoranda in pencil marks. The important documents of the meeting, the Constitution and Declaration of Principles, had been taken by the chairman and prudently deposited in his coat pocket, where they remained in safety till called for by the society. Several sheets of harmless white paper were indignantly torn up and scattered, and trampled under foot.

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### Not gone yet!!

George Thompson, the celebrated flying Englishman who has been in the Twenty Four States, six Territories, at Montreal, Quebec, and on the Atlantic at the same time, and seen by scores of individuals, all who are ready to take their oath to the same identical George, *is still in America*, and not more than twenty miles from Haverhill, Mass.,—the New York, Boston, Salem and other papers to the contrary notwithstanding. We learn that he is to leave for England *soon*—how soon our informant, who knows where he is—how he is and all about him does not say. Probably in the course of the next year.—*Essex Gaz. Nov. 23.*

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Boston Female Anti-Slavery Meeting. After two unsuccessful attempts this society has succeeded in holding its annual meeting. On their first attempt, Mr. [illegible] closed Julien hall against them; on the second they were dispersed by the [illegible]. On Wednesday afternoon last, they met at the house of Francis Jackson on the following invitation.—*N. E. Spec.*

*To the Ladies of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society:*

Having with deep regret and mortification observed the manner your Society has been treated by a portion of the community, and especially by some of our public journals—and approving as I do most cordially the objects of your association, I offer you the use of my dwelling house in Hollis Street, for the purpose of holding your annual meeting or for any other meeting.

Such accommodations as I have are at your service; and I assure you it would afford me great pleasure to extend this slight testimony of my regard for a Society whose objects are second to none other in this city.

With great respect and esteem,
FRANCIS JACKSON.

The number of ladies present was over a hundred and thirty, among whom were the highly distinguished Miss Harriet Martineau, and her very intelligent companion, Miss Jeffrey, from England, also Mrs. Thompson, the wife of our inestimable fellow laborer, George Thompson.

Mrs. Chapman, the Secretary of Foreign Correspondence, then read a letter which she had, by order of the society, addressed to the ladies in England, and another to the Dutchess de Broglie, in France. The Secretary of Domestic Correspondence, Miss Anne Weston, afterwards read a highly interesting and spirited letter from Mrs. D. L. Child, and another from the Female Anti-Slavery Society of New York. Some account was then given by several ladies, who are engaged in soliciting subscriptions to the Petition to Congress, of the efforts they have made and their various success.

At this period of the proceedings, Miss Martineau rose with great dignity and simplicity of manner, and said, 'I have been requested by a friend present to say something—if only a word—to express my sympathy in the objects of this meeting. I had supposed, that my presence here would be understood as showing my sympathy with you. But as I am requested to speak, I will say what I have said through the whole South, in every family where I have been, that I considered Slavery as inconsistent with the Law of God, and as incompatible with the course of his Providence. I should certainly say no less at the North than at the South concerning this utter abomination—and I now declare that in your principles I fully agree.'

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George Thompson. Facts are being disclosed, which will place this philanthropist above suspicion. We have had placed in our hands an affidavit from one who overheard the conversation of Mr. Thompson and Mr. Kaufman in Andover. Another is forthcoming from Prof. Gregg, who was also present. Documents will soon be received from England, to meet the reports which have professed to come from there.

*N. E. Spectator.*

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[From the Landmark.]

### Free Discussion.

Mr. Editor.—Notwithstanding all the rant and scolding of the South about free discussion at the North, we find them continually exercising the privilege. They are not afraid to discuss the "delicate" question of slavery in their journals, and in large public assemblies. Recently the Synod of [illegible] had the subject before them, and have passed resolutions upon it. We apprehend our southern brethren are not so much troubled by the mere discussion of slavery, as by the result of discussion.—They would not object to our considering, in the most public manner, the "delicate question," provided we justified and approved of it. But it is our view of slavery that occasions all the anger and all the trouble. We hold it palpable injustice for man to seize upon his fellow man, deprive him of his "*inalienable rights,*" and reduce him to the condition of a brute. From our inmost souls we believe it to be a sin of the deepest die, to wrest the children of slaves from them, and sell them into hopeless bondage. We believe the slave trade as vile, as odious, and as criminal in the District of Columbia as on the coast of Africa. It is these, and other similar views, which we take of slavery, which has excited the South, and led them to cry "Stop discussion! Stop discussion!" It is not discussion gentlemen, but truth which troubles you. Northern light has reached the "*southern conscience,*" and its effects are powerful—good men feel—and bad men rave—but at length the result will be salutary and glorious—all our citizens will be free. D.

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The London Morning Herald satirises "the Land of the Free," as it sneeringly terms our Republic by following a national song entitled "Lines on the American Flag," which it finds in a southern paper, with ten advertisements for negroes wanted, for sale, and runaway; and winds up the whole with the following:—

"And yet, notwithstanding all this openly avowed traffic in slaves, Jonathan would have the world believe that his country is *par* excellence "the Land of the free!"—*Fiddle dee dee*, brother Jonathan:—your vaunted "*stripes*" remind us of the "marks of the whip" on the face of Mr. Bird's negro woman, Pattey; and "all the world may see" that your "*stars*" are bedim'd with the sighs and groans of the thousands and tens of thousands of human beings whom you detain in hopeless slavery."

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Capture of a Slave Ship.—The British ship Vestal, about the 10th ult. captured in the neighborhood of the Island of Granada, a Spanish slave vessel, with 270 slaves on board. The vessel and cargo were sent to Havana. The crew were on board the Vestal.

# POETRY.

### The Slave Trade.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

There are, gloomy ocean! a brotherless clan,
Who traverse thy banishing waves,
The poor disinherited outcasts of man,
Whom Avarice coins into *Slaves!*
From the homes of their kindred, their forefathers' graves,
Love, Friendship, and Conjugal Bliss,
They are dragged on the hoary abyss,
The shark hears their shrieks, and ascending to day,
Demands of the spoiler his share of the prey!

Then joy to the tempest that whelms them beneath,
And makes their destruction its sport;
But woe to the winds that propitiously breathe,
And waft them in safety to port;
Where the vultures and vampires of mammon resort;
Where Europe exultingly drains
The life blood from Africa's veins;
Where the image of God is accounted as base,
And the image of Cæsar set up in its place.

The hour is approaching—a terrible hour!
And Vengeance is bending her bow:
Already the clouds of the hurricane lour,
And the rock-rending whirlwinds blow.
Back rolls the huge *Ocean*—Hell opens below;
The floods return headlong—they sweep
The slave-cultured lands to the deep;
In a moment entombed in the horrible void,
By their Maker himself, in his anger destroyed.

Shall this be the fate of the *cane-planted isles*,
More lovely than clouds in the west,
When the sun o'er the ocean descending in smiles,
Sinks softly and sweetly to rest?
*No!*—Father of Mercy! befriend the oppressed—
At the voice of thy Gospel of Peace,
May the sorrows of Africa cease;
And the *Slave* and his *Master* devoutly unite
To walk in *thy Freedom*, and dwell in *thy Light*.

### On Slavery and the Slave Trade.

BY W. COWPER.

But, ah! what wish can prosper or what pray'r,
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end;
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.
The sable warrior, frantic with regret
Of her he loves, and never can forget,
Loses in tears the far-receding shore,
But not the thought that they must meet no more!
Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
What has he left that he can yet forego?
Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resign'd,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind;
Puts off his gen'rous nature, and to suit
His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.
Oh most degrading of all ills that wait
On man, a mourner in his best estate!
All other sorrows virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half a cure;
Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestow'd
T' improve the fortitude that bears the load,
To teach the wand'rer, as his woes increase,
The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace;
But slavery!—Virtue dreads it as her grave:
Patience itself is meanness in a slave;
Or, if the will and sovereignty of God
Bid suffer it a while, and kiss the rod,
Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
And snap the chain the moment when you may.
Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,
That has a heart and life in it, Be free!
The beasts are chartered—neither age nor force
Can quell the love of freedom in a horse;
He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,
And, conscious of an unencumbered back,
Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane;
Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs,
Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,
He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

# MISCELLANY.

### Hayti.

Why is it that in this land of boasted liberty, we are constantly told of the atrocities perpetrated upon the *white* people, by the poor enslaved *blacks* of St. Domingo? We are taught that the slaves of St. Domingo, rose and murdered their masters to obtain their liberty, & this as a reason why it would be dangerous for masters in the United States, to give the slaves their liberty—as a reason why no man should open his lips to plead for justice and mercy. The whole lesson is false and cruelly unjust to the colored man of St. Domingo. But suppose it true; why should we not also be told of the *previous* atrocities perpetrated by the lordly *white* masters, upon their unoffending slaves? Have we no need to study *that* part of the history of St. Domingo?

A traveller who passed through Hayti, in 1830, thus describes the ruins of the once magnificent estate of a planter, named Carradeu, near the village of the Moquet.—"The mansion where once the lordly master feasted among his friends, and, in the intoxication of pride and power, gave those mandates to his trembling slaves, which consigned some to the burning furnace, others to the boiling cauldron, (see Malenfant on Colonies, p. 172, note,) exhibited only in the remnant of walls and terraces, the place where once they sheltered luxury and tyranny. The giant palms, however, whose leafy heads, supported on stems of a hundred feet, old Carradeu, in the frenzy of the times, sought to rival by placing the skulls of some fifty slaves he had decapitated at Auboy on poles by the roadside hedges, still float their green locks in the sunny breeze." (*Lacroix*, &c.)

He adds, "I have frequently, in Hayti, heard the characteristic story which Malenfant relates of this man. Carradeu had taught his negroes, by fatal experience, that they were never to expect forgiveness in his wrath. It was the secret by which he had lived great, was dreaded and obeyed. He had never cut off his right hand by it, but in this instance he was going to inflict on himself irreparable injury. There was a valuable head boiler of his sugar-house, a man whose knowledge and experience was a source of riches to him, on whom he had inflicted the penalty of inhumation to the neck in the cold earth. His life he was willing and anxious to save, but it was necessary to make a truce between interest and vengeance. This inconsistency would be fatal to his government, if he forgave once; the dread which the certainty of punishment had beneficially excited, would lose its effects on the caution and obedience of his slaves. 'I would not,' said he to a party of ladies at dinner with him, 'induce this man, whom I must spare, to think that the pardon for his fault had emanated from me. When I draw my handkerchief, fall down at my feet and ask mercy of me for him.—I will say he has obtained it by your solicitation, not by my desire, so that by being apparently consistent, I may preserve the dread of my unrelenting character with my people. Carradeu in this instance had to deal with one as haughty as himself. The courageous negro, who had dug his own grave, chanting his death-song while he threw up the earth, felt he had endured a wrong which nothing but death could requite; he only wanted an opportunity of revenge. He saw the prostration of the female guests at his master's feet; he heard forgiveness from his lips for the first time. He could scarcely credit what his eyes beheld. In the delirium of his sufferings he exclaimed, '*You* show mercy to me—it is impossible!—you are no longer Carradeu; but, if you are, I swear by her who took oath before God for me, that I rest not in peace till I destroy you! Be merciful to me if you dare!' This presumption of despair was fatal to him. Carradeu silenced the threat by hurling a fragment of rock at his head. Having dashed out the brains of his victim, he returned to his convivial friends, saved from doing an action inconsistent with the character he enjoyed, among his slaves, of never having forgiven an injury or remitting a punishment."—*British Anti-Slavery Reporter, Vol. II., p. 212.*

Not only are the cruelties of the masters forgotten by us, and the revenge of the poor slaves mis-represented, but the most malicious falsehoods are every where propagated, in regard to the present condition of Hayti. Amidst all this abuse of liberty under a *dark skin*, we are glad to see testimony like the following extract of a letter, published in the New-York *Journal of Commerce*. The writer, from his ungenerous hint about *getting rid* of our colored fellow citizens, is obviously not an *abolitionist*, and therefore not to be suspected of any prejudices in *favor* of the black republic.

"I have never seen any government *really free* before. . . . . Every colored person is a citizen from the moment of his arrival, and entitled, upon application to the commandant, to nine acres of good land for himself, and as much for his family. . . . . The population as yet hardly amounts to a million but there is room for ten times that number, besides all the black and colored population of the U. S.; and being so near, it would be well to get rid of them in that way, seeing they bid fair to be very quiet and peaceable neighbors. You would hardly believe that all the cash remittances to the Cape and Port au Prince, a distance of nearly three hundred miles, through lonely woods, rugged precipices and deep rivers, are conveyed in the shape of doubloons by an *unarmed footman*, and that no instance of any failure or interruption is on record. The government may fairly be said to put all others to shame, by accomplishing without any apparent coercion, what all others have attempted to accomplish in vain, by complicated legislation."

### Letter from the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society to George Thompson.

MY DEAR THOMPSON,—All I can do at the present moment is to write you a hasty letter, in answer to those you have lately written to me, and for which I am much obliged. We have been much engaged, during several past months, in ascertaining the true state of the apprentices in the West Indies. There can be no doubt that their condition is deplorable, nay, worse, in many respects, than it was when they were called slaves. The pamphlets, &c. which accompany this, will give you a tolerably correct account of the whole matter. Immediate emancipation is the only doctrine that will stand the test of experiment. We have proved it, and can therefore speak with certainty upon the subject.

At the opening of the next session, Mr. Buxton will move for the abolition of the apprenticeship, and, I trust, will be backed by the people generally, in order that we may get rid of the abomination.

The disgraceful scenes which have recently taken place in the United States, must lead the northern states to inquire what is their duty under present circumstances.—Surely, the public indignation will be excited, and steps will be taken to express it.

Dr. Cox will be taken to account, on his return to this country, for his dastardly conduct in the United States. He will not of course be allowed to remain on our committee. I am sorry that I cannot pursue this letter further. I have on my right hand a gentleman just arrived from Cuba, who gives a horrible account of the slave trade there; and on my left, a Mr. Knill from New-York, who is detailing the state of things with you.

Praying that you may be divinely protected and directed, I remain, my dear friend,

Yours very truly,

London, Oct. 2, 1835. JOHN SCOBLE.

GEORGE THOMPSON.—This self-denying and indefatigable friend of God and man, has left the country for England. The reasons which have induced him to take this course will soon be made known. We would merely say that he has gone, retaining the entire confidence of abolitionists generally, notwithstanding the slanders that have been promulgated against him.—*N. E. Spectator.*

### Hamilton College Anti-Slavery Society.

Permit me, through the medium of your paper, to respond to the loud appeal made in various parts of our country, in behalf of the cause of suffering humanity. With gratitude to God, we beg leave to make known the success of the cause of immediate abolition in this institution. Nearly three months have elapsed since an anti-slavery society was organized, consisting of sixteen members, which now comprizes thirty. We have adopted essentially the preamble and articles of the constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to which ours is auxiliary. Acting, then, in the capacity of a society whose principles we believe are founded upon the universal and unchangeable laws of love, mercy, and truth; surveying with deep interest the present decisive struggle of the righteous cause of freedom with that of cruel tyranny, we feel constrained to avouch the cause of immediate abolition to be our cause, for which we will firmly contend, in which we are willing to suffer. Experience hath also taught us the fallacy and ridiculous absurdity of all objections to free discussion in colleges, and, moreover, that when liberality of sentiment, kindness of feeling, respect due to opinions not our own, pervade an institution, as here, harmony, good order, and industry, become the stability of the times.

At the last meeting of the Society, the following resolutions were proposed and unanimously adopted, viz:

1. *Resolved*, That since the question of human rights is a question of such thrilling interest, and since this interest has been manifested by a general participation of all orders of men, in the discussion relative to the subject of slavery—*we* also deem it our plain and undeniable right and duty to avouch for the cause of immediate abolition, and lend a helping hand to our brethren, already in the field.

2. *Resolved*, That we hold the right of free discussion sacred and inalienable, and that all infringements upon this right are at war with the institutions of a republican government.

3. *Resolved*, That the exigencies of the times demand decision and unity of action, and that we forever disavow the Laodicean lukewarmness of some who aspire to distinction, or a sort of selfish benevolence which justify the policy of being abolitionists in sentiment, but not in conduct.

[From the Liberator.]

### Christian Watchman--Explanation.

MR. EDITOR—The editor of the Christian Watchman is out with a long *explanation* and *justification* of his editorial remarks on the notorious Boston, 'well dressed' mob, wherein he made a company of peaceful and pious ladies, who are seeking the temporal and eternal welfare of the poor slaves, 'equally culpable' with a band of ruffians, who, in respect to yourself cried out, 'kill him, kill him,' and who evidently only lacked opportunity to *practically* consummate the declarations of their sentiments. But he is evidently *wrong*; for like the man in the 'quag mire,' the more effort he makes to extricate himself, the deeper he sinks in error and inconsistency. I shall not notice particularly the long string of Mr. Thrasher's editorial why's and wherefore's which are not directly relevant to the subject in hand, but shall call his attention again to the fundamental *ground* of accusation on which he first started and which he still maintains, in his explanation, in the following words—'The Female Anti-Slavery Society had an undoubted right to hold the meeting, which they attempted on the 21st ult. Still, if they had reason to believe, that *by* holding their meeting under peculiar circumstances, they would be the innocent cause of a public outrage similar to the one which occurred, we give it as our opinion that it was their duty to have waived the exercise of this right, until these circumstances should have been removed.'

Now I would ask the Watchman what there was in the principles or practice of the 'Female Anti-Slavery Society' obnoxious to the righteous displeasure of God or man? Their *principles*, in respect to the abolition of slavery, are those which this same editor himself has publicly advocated; and of course their only fault must consist in striving to *practice* according to the principles or theory of the Christian Watchman—i. e. to do all which they could to effect the abolition of slavery. In order to do this, they found it necessary to hold a *meeting*; as believers in the importance of carrying forword *missionary operations* find it necessary to hold *their* meetings.

Now suppose that a band of infidels in Boston, see fit to mob a Ladies' Missionary Society, who may have peaceably assembled for the furtherance of their laudable designs—to hear addresses (even from Dr. Cox, if you please a foreigner,) why, according to the *Christian* Watchman, the Lady Missionary Society is 'equally culpable' with the 'infidel mob'!! This is the result of Mr. Thrasher's reasoning, ☞ *and he cannot honestly and fairly deny it.* This he was shown in the last Liberator, and which he ought ingenuously to have confessed, instead of attempting a sophistical justification. Now I claim to be heard, while I solemnly ask Mr. Thrasher, if Jesus Christ did not *know* that *his* course 'would be the innocent cause of a public outrage?' This he dare not deny; and yet his *logic* goes to make the adorable Jesus, 'equally culpable' with those who mobbed him and destroyed his life!!

I put it to Mr. Thrasher again, as it was in substance put to him in the Liberator last week, whether his arguments would not as conclusively inculpate John Bunyan and the early Baptists, as the abolitionists in this affair of the mob.

Did not John Bunyan have as much assurance that his holding meetings would be 'an innocent cause of' an 'outrage' as they? and yet he persisted—and *you*, Mr. Thrasher, praise him for it!—Just so, precisely, with the early Baptists in Massachusetts—yet they persisted in holding their meetings 'under these peculiar circumstances,' and you *dare* do no otherwise than applaud them for it. And yet because the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society have acted on the *same principle*, you make them 'equally culpable' with a blood thirsty mob. And still you are so distressed with the hard epithets, and censorious language of abolitionists in respect to 'man stealers,' that it takes you no small part of your time to tell the public that though you *are* an abolitionist, yet still you are *not* one. So much for what well may be called the 'Go-betweenity system.'

Now Mr. Thrasher may call *this* article, if he pleases, an '*abuse*' of the liberty of speech and the press, yet I trust the doctrine which I have here advanced is in strict accordance with the word of God, and will some time or other, if not now, commend itself to the conscience of Mr. Thrasher himself. I do not mean to be unjustly and wickedly censorious, but am obliged to say that the Christian Watchman, of late, has given painful indications of a time-serving policy; and, in order to 'save its life,' has indirectly at least 'justified the ungodly,' or at any rate 'condemned the just.'

A near Ecclesiastical relative,
but one who is ashamed of his relation.

[From the Liberator.]

### Things that are not true.

It is not true that Mr. Garrison has ever had a watch presented to him.

It is not true that he had either his watch or his pocket-book stolen from him by the honorable and aristocratical mob—no thanks to them, however.

It is not true that a rope was fastened about his neck.

It is not true (as the calumniator who edits the Atlas remarks) that on arriving at the jail, 'he sank exhausted upon a seat, exclaiming, "Never was a man so rejoiced to get into jail before."' This is all fiction. I did not feel at all exhausted, or sit down until the lapse of at least three hours after my incarceration, or make any such exclamation. I never felt more cheerful in my life.

It is not true that 'he was very much frightened, and fell down on his knees, and begged hard for mercy.' This is altogether false. Nor was I wholly dumb while in the hands of those who first seized me in the carpenter's shop, and who seemed to be insanely frantic—tearing my coat, shaking me fiercely, &c.; but I simply said to them, 'It is needless to make such extra-efforts of violence—I shall go down to the mob unresistingly.'

It is not true that 'when he came out of the lane, with the two young men who had him in charge, there were not six persons within nearly two rods distance of them'—for there was a great throng. This and the preceding fiction are from the manufactory of the Transcript.

The same paper says that my countenance 'was deadly pale, whilst a ghastly smile was diffused over [my] pallid features.'!! As I had no looking-glass (the 'respectable' mob were not so liberal as to furnish me with one) in which to contemplate my features, of course *I* cannot say how I *looked*, although I can testify how I *felt*—and if feeling affects the countenance, then both were full of composure.

It is not true that I left either the building or the city because I was intimidated—but I left both at the earnest entreaty of the city authorities, and of several friends, and particularly on account of the delicate state of Mrs. Garrison's health.

Other fictions have been coined for effect, and are now circulating in the market, which do not require contradiction. Every reflecting and upright man will naturally come to the conclusion, that those editors who were base enough by their lies and calumnies to stir up the mob, will lie and calumniate respecting the ladies' meeting, and the manner in which I met the ruffianism of 'wealthy and respectable' rioters.

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Our readers will recollect the speech made by Col. Samuel L. Knapp, at the Anti-Abolition Meeting in New-York, some time since. On the 12th inst., a large meeting was held in New-York, in favor of the Texese, at which the same Col. Knapp, "after an eloquent address," offered several resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the meeting, the first of which was as follows:

*Resolved*, That it is the *right* of freemen, *at all times*, to express their ardent wishes for the success of those struggling for liberty, *wherever the contest may be*; in either hemisphere.

"Put that and that together." O, Consistency, thou art a rare jewel.—*Massachusetts Spy.*

### Mr. O'Connell and the House of Lords.

We achieved but one good measure after all, this last session, but that was not our fault, for the 170 tyrants of the country prevented us from achieving more. Ancient Athens was degraded for submitting to 30 tyrants; modern Athens will never allow 170 to rule over them. (Immense cheering.) Their dominion is short. We have commenced the battle under the most favorable circumstances, because we have demonstrated that the fault of obtaining so few liberal measures passed is all theirs. We did every thing in our power to conciliate. (Hear, hear.) We endeavored to draw the tooth gently out of the lion—no, not out of the lion, for he is a noble and generous animal, but out of the tiger; but we could not succeed, and the Tories have kept their teeth to gnash and grind with, but they will soon grind them all out. (Laughter and cheers.) Mr. O'Connell then alluded to the attacks which had been made of late upon himself in the House of Lords. It was stated in one of the clubs that at one time a dog had bitten the Bishop; whereupon a Noble Lord, who was present, said, 'I will lay any wager that the Bishop began the quarrel.' (Loud laughter.) Now really the House of Lords began the quarrel with me. They may fo me as a mad dog if they please, I wo fight them, but I will treat them as the Q ker treated the dog, which had attacked hi 'Heaven forbid,' said he, 'that I should thee the slightest injury, I am a man peace and I will not hurt thee:' but wh the dog went away, he cried out, 'Mad dog mad dog!' and all people set upon hi (Immense cheering and laughter.) N that is my remedy with the House of Lords (Cheers.) I am more honest than the Qu was, for the dog that attacked me is real mad. Bills were rejected in the House Lords, simply because Daniel O'Connell supported them, and I do say, that if I had twelve men in a jury on a question of lu cy, I would put it to that jury to say if su men were not confirmed madmen. (Chee and laughter.) So you perceive the dog really mad—(Laughter,) and, accordingly have started on this mission to rouse public mind to the necessity of reform the House of Lords, and I have 50,000 chee ing me in Manchester, and 100,000 cheerin me in Newcastle, and I heard one simult neous cry—Down with the mad dogs a up with the common sense.—(Cheers a laughter.) The same cry has resound through 'Auld Reekie.' (Cheers.) T Carton Hill and Arthur's Seat reechoed w the sound, and all Scotland has expres the same determination—to use every leg imate effort to remove the House of Lor —(Great cheering.) Mr. O'Connell the after a few words, concluded, and sat do amid long continued cheering.—*Mr. O'C nell's Speech at Edinburg.*

### Washing Made Easy.

We have been requested by a lady, (w although not a housewife, would, we th make a very good one, "look well to ways of her household and eat not the bre of idleness,") to give place to the follow recipe, which originated in the Essex N Register. She has tried it several ti and says that by this method a person accomplish three times as much washing a day, as by the common method.—*Po Jour.*

TO HOUSEWIVES.—In this day of improvements, few have been suggested of m importance, especially to females, than new mode of Washing Clothes which recently been introduced into this tow through the agency of two benevolent i viduals now residing at a distance from The recipe was originally brought to country from England, by a lady, wh few years since, returned from thenc where it is said to be generally practiced. It has been tried in this town by quite number of families with complete succe and those who have tried it are desirous communicating it extensively, that othe may reap the same benefit which has acc ed to them. It does not answer the pu pose in case of Calicoes and Woollens. Mixture.—Five gallons of soft water, add half gallon of Lime water, a pint and a h of soft soap or a half pound of hard soa and two ounces Sub Carbonate of Soda.

2d, Method of Washing.—Soak th clothes over night if very dirty, at any ra wet them thoroughly before putting the into the mixture.

When the above mixture is at boili heat, put in the clothes that have been soa ed or wet, merely rubbing such parts wit little soap as are unusually soiled. B them one hour. They are then to be tak out and drained, and thoroughly rinsed warm water, then in the Indigo wate usual, and they are fit for drying. T Lime water may be prepared and kept hand—the Soda Sub Carbonate, (be s and get the right kind,) may be procu cheap by purchasing it in a large quant —Let all who feel that washing day is a of hard work and weariness, cease to co plain until they are willing to try this e easy and expeditious mode of lighten their burdens.

Knowledge, you must remember, i fruit of observation and study, not of sp taneous growth.—*Leifchild.*

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